Blackfield, Blackfield

Curling lips, fingertips, dead eye dips I saw it all in the blackfield Splinter cracks, summer tracks, paperbacks We found them all in the blackfield In the shade, whistle blades, singing fades In the blackfield

She wants to stay and talk all day so I remark when it gets dark All the pale things under the earth Will reverse

River glass, cycle past, overcast I saw it all in the blackfield Copper sky, shadows rise, bridge of sighs We had it all in the blackfield Skin tracks, face facts, fade to black In the blackfield

She wants to stay and talk all day so I remark when it gets dark All the pale things under the earth Will reverse